And comes not in,ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant triall with the King.
Sir M. Why,my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas,and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake,Vernon,Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriours,noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is,but yet the king hath drawne
The speciall head of all the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
The noble Westmerland,and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuals and deare men
Of estimation,and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my L. they shall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no lesse,yet,needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighell, speede:
For if Lord Percy thriue not,e're the king
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And,t'is but wisedome,to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write againe
To other friends, and so farewell, sir Mighell. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland,Sir Walter Blunt,and Falstaffe.

King. How bloudily the sunne begins to peare,
Aboue yon busky hill, the day lookes pale,
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southeren wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And,by the hollow whistling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempest and a blustring day.
King. Then,with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

The trumpet sounds, Enter Worcester.

King. How now, my Lord of Worcester? t'is not well,
That you and I should meete vpon such tearmes

As now we meete. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limmes in vngentle steele:
This is not well,my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare,and a portent
Of broched mischiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare me,my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content,
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres.For I protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.
King You haue not sought it : how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way,and he found it.
Prin. Peace,chewet,peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Maiestie to turne your lookes
Of fauour,from my selfe,and all our house,
And yet *I* must remember you, my Lord:
We were the first and dearest of your friends,
For you my staffe of office did I breake
In Richards time,and posted day and night
To meete you on the way,and kisse your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as *I*.
It was my selfe,my brother and his sonne,
That brought you home,and boldly did outdate
The dangers of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that othe at Dancaster,
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The seate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster:
To this,we swore our aid:but in short space
It raind downe fortune showring on your head,
And such a floud of greatnesse fell on you,